



THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;
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RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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Tracts for the People.

"Salus populi suprema lex esto;"
(that is,

"Let the SALVATION of the people be our highest principle."

DOCTRINAL SERIES.—No. III.

**ON THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD, AS
COMPARED WITH THE WORKS OF MAN.**

"Thou hast given me, O Lord, a delight in Thy doings, and in the works of Thy hands I will rejoice. O Lord, how great are Thy works!" Psalm xci. 6.

You cannot too often occupy your thoughts with the consideration of the mighty and beautiful works of God. It does not require any learning, or cleverness, or much time, or repose, to do this. It is not an employment that belongs only to the scholar sitting in his study, or the monk walking in his cloister; but it is one that suits every one, and which every one has leisure and means of pursuing. This study is indeed a wisdom that "is in heaven;" and yet it is not necessary to "go up thither and bring it down;" it is "in the depths below," and yet "it is not necessary that one go down there to draw it up." For the works of God are above us indeed, and below us, and all around us, and within us, and we have only to stand where we are, and look around us, and listen, and feel, yea, and smell and taste, and the works of God will through all our senses make themselves known to us, and we shall enjoy them, and relish them as well as the most learned and noble can.

Nay, I tell you more, my friends. You can make this study, and learn this wisdom, better than they, if you only set about it; and that for two reasons: first, that your labour and occupation probably lead you more into the midst of them; and, secondly, that your feelings are less blunted by great and artificial enjoyment. For example: I will suppose you are a poor labourer, and work in the fields, or that your business takes you into the country, or that if you are confined in a workshop all the week, at least on Sunday you go out to breathe a mouthful of fresh air. Well, how do you employ your thoughts and your senses? I fear in any thing but contemplating and enjoying the beauty of God's works. Listen to me a moment, while I go into this matter with you. I will address the man who lives and works in the country, and through him the others.

Tell me, then, honest friend, are you not often thinking, while at your work, of your neighbours, of your master, of your troubles at home? Perhaps you are envying the first, grumbling at the second, and fretting about the last. You are troubling yourself about your misfortunes, and making yourself miserable; or perhaps, if things go well with you, are building castles in the air, and making all sorts of schemes for the future, and fancying what you will do when you become rich, as you hope to do. Many of these thoughts are foolish at best, they do you no good, or rather, they keep you miserable. How much more pleasing, and how much more useful, would your occupation be, were you rather admiring the many beauties and the many blessings which the Divine power, directed by the Divine goodness, is scattering and shedding around you, and on the proofs which these give you of a kindly Providence watching over you, and taking care of you!

In the morning, when the sun rises, and sparkles, reflected from millions of dew-drops, when the lark springs from your feet, and soars, singing her cheerful song, into the bright blue sky, when the breeze that cools you bears along with it the sweet scent of turf and hedge, when you tread at every step on the soft grass studded with flowers, believe me, the richest nobleman in the land, or a king, even with all his wealth, cannot make for himself so rich and beautiful a scene and place for pleasure. Perhaps you heard that last evening your landlord had a great feast at the hall, and you thought those happy who were admitted to it; that is to say, he had plenty of lights against your sun, and a few bright pebbles for your myriads of twinkling gems, and fiddlers for your birds, and hot rooms for your open breezy country, and oppressive perfumes for your delicate flower scents, and a worsted carpet for your crisp and mossy turf. And after it all, they are tired and heavy, and sleeping now when nature is awaking; while you are brisk and active in every limb, and feel life and vigour freely bounding with your blood through every vein; aye, and ought to be carolling with the birds that sing over their early work, for you, like them have to build, by your industry, a nest for the little ones that God will give you.

But do you want to compare still more the works of God with those of man? every hour and every look will show you the vast difference between them. Look at the gardener watering his plants, bearing with toil every bucket of water, and pouring

substance, corrode and thin the plates, stiffen and cement the joints, and make it crazy, ricketty, and ready to burst at the first attempt to restore its power! The most complicated and marvellous production of man's genius, his strongest creation, unable to cope with—a few drops of dew!

"And as to all these great works necessary for its action, roads, and tunnels, and bridges, only let a few years of neglect pass over them, and then come and see them, and try to use them. And yet there shall have been no earthquake, no explosion of hidden fires. No, only the moss and the grass and weeds shall have had leave to approach them, and yet these shall have sufficed, with the washing of rain, to shake from their solid beds your iron trams, and to cover them over, and hide them, and make them impassable. And the drop after drop from the rocky arches of your tunnels shall have worn away their floors, and rusted away their iron, and shall have strewn both with fallen fragments, and perhaps blocked up the entire cavern! So weak and insignificant are the agents that suffice to annihilate the greatest works of man; because they are the agents of an Almighty Hand.

"And this seems to me to be the true way to compare the two. While Nature need only be passive and unresisting, and leave her every-day laws to work, man must be struggling and labouring with unceasing industry simply to hold them at bay; if he but relax his efforts, she conquers without making one. Her victories are silent, calm, complete. She is in no hurry to show her power, but it is irresistible. The desert will gradually drink up the canal which an Egyptian king has laboured for years to make, so soon as it is abandoned, but will leave us to trace its long line across the sand. The sea will swallow up the neglected pier; but only after quietly wearing its foundations away inch by inch. And so would this road disappear, not by any sudden convulsion of flood or war, but by that quiet action that absorbs back again whatever art has gained from Nature; it will make grottoes out of your tunnels, and hillocks from your causeways, and stones of the torrent out of your splendid bridges. I have seen pebbles of precious marbles strewn on the shore, near where once stood a palace of Nero's.

"Whatever praise, therefore, we may be willing to bestow on the works of man's hand, it can bear no comparison with those feelings of amazement, admiration, and awe, but at the same time of gratitude and love, with which we should ever contemplate the magnificent and glorious works of God, who can do such wonders with so calm a power—the true characteristic ever of Majesty."—M.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

THE most important element of success is economy—economy of money, and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time or money without an adequate

return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this—work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success *must* come, unless indeed some unwise adventure or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence should arrest the progress onwards: but in the ordinary course of human affairs success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence towards every animated being. "Happiness," it has been finely observed, "is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us." To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy—deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness, he has none; his life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion, and he will descend to the grave unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success remember, that success is nothing without happiness.—*The Apprentice.*

ENGLISH AND GERMAN FARMS.

THOSE which I saw astonished me by their extreme neatness, order, and cleanliness. Yet these were not the houses of the gentlemen farmers, but of the simple farming peasants. The excellence of the cattle and their accommodations, the luxuriant growth and admirable cultivation of the fruits and flowers in the gardens—the order and shining brightness of the kitchens—the resplendent cleanliness of the dairies—all these things excited my admiration not a little. The rooms, passages, and staircases are often covered with carpets, which seem only just to have come from the manufactory; and in the rooms, I do not mean the sitting-rooms and company rooms, but in the bed-rooms, reigns an exquisite order and neatness, which, if it were not so praiseworthy in itself, I should call almost painful in its precision. We have nothing of the kind in Germany. We have, indeed, large, orderly, well-kept farm-houses, such as those in Southern Bavaria, Austria, Westphalia, the valleys of the Prussian rivers, and those of the Elbe and Weser; but they are not like those of England. In the first place, every thing is more rude and boorish with us, and there is, at the same time, something much more poetical and picturesque. An English farm-house would offer but few materials to the painter, there is too much precision and regularity, and every thing appears to be laid out on the model of the best books on agriculture.—*Kohl's England and Wales*

THE "THREE WARNINGS."

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports were round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room:
 And looking grave, "You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you? and quit my Susan's side?
 With you?" the hapless husband cried:
 "Young as I am? 'Tis monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared.
 My thoughts on other matters go,
 This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger,
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
 "Neighbour," he said, "farewell: no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
 And farther, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summon'd to the grave:
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,
 But when I call again this way,
 Well pleased this world will leave."
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
 Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near!

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He pass'd his hours in peace;
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus along Life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,

As all alone he sate,

Th' unwelcome messenger of fate

Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,

"So soon return'd?" old Dobson cries,

"So soon d'y'e call it," Death replies,

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!

Since I was here before

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd!

"To spare the aged would be kind:

However, see your search be legal:

And your authority—is't regal?

Else you are come on a fool's errand,

With but a secretary's warrant.

Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,

Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!

But for that loss of time and ease

I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,

I seldom am a welcome guest;

But don't be captious, friend, at least:

I little thought you'd still be able

To stump about your farm and stable;

Your years have run to a great length;

I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,

I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies;

"However, you still keep your eyes;

And sure, to see one's loves and friends

For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,

But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith;

Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:

"Each tries your sadness to amuse:

I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,

I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then!" the spectre stern rejoin'd,

"These are unjustifiable yearnings;

If you be Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,

You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.

So come along, no more we'll part;"

He said, and touch'd him with his dart;

And now old Dobson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate, so ends my tale. *Mrs. Thrale.*

Circumstantial Evidence.—I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last, the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged. *Lord Eldon's Note Book* quoted in the *Quarterly*.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS:

BY CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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ST. WULSTAN.

His Father and Mother are reduced in their Worldly Circumstances, and betake themselves to Religious Establishments in Worcester. Wulstan entered the service of the Bishop, and was raised to the Priesthood; and then, for above twenty-four years, lived with the greatest edification in a Monastery.

HIS BIRTH AND TRAINING.

He was born in Long Itchington, a village in Warwickshire, where his family had long been settled, and where his parents, Athelstan and Wulfgeva, were probably the chief people. He was educated at the monasteries of Evesham and Peterborough, the latter one of the richest houses, and most famous schools in England. Here, in the "Golden Burgh," with the children, the "infantes" of the convent, some of them already vowed to religion, others preparing for the world without, he enjoyed what education a Saxon monastery could give; he was broken in to a life of hardship and self-discipline, taught to rise before day, and to take a special part in the sacred service; in the morning he chanted, in the afternoon he was taught to write, to illuminate and bind books, or he learnt Latin from interlinear translations, or from conning over the pages of the Psalters and Sacramentaries which were produced in the writing room of the convent. The same book, perhaps composed for Peterborough, and from which Wulstan may have learnt his Latin, gives an account how the children spent their day. "To-day," says the boy in the Dialogue, "I have done many things; this night, when I heard the knell, I arose from my bed, and went to Church, and sang night-song with the brethren; and after that, we sang the service of All Saints, and in the morning Lauds; then Prime, and the Seven Psalms with the Litanies, and the first mass; then Tierce, and the mass of the day; then we sang the mid-day hour; and we ate, and drank, and went to sleep, and rose again, and sang Nones. And now we are here before thee, ready to hear what thou wilt say to us." They were allowed to eat meat, because "they were still children under the rod;" they drank ale if they could get it, else water; but wine "they were not rich enough to buy, and besides, it was not the drink of children and foolish persons, but of old men and wise." "Who awakens you," says the Master, "to night-song?" "Sometimes I hear the knell, and rise, sometimes the master wakes me with his rod." School is the same at all times.

Under this discipline, Wulstan made good progress. He was thoughtful above his years; he voluntarily submitted to exercises and self-denials from which the children were excused, and formed a habit of continually applying examples of excellence which were brought before him, whether living or departed, to his own improvement.

From the Minster schools at Peterborough, Wulstan returned home, to live in the country, in his father's hall, a Thane's son, who might one day be a Thane himself, among his father's dependants, and friends, and enemies, with such amusements and such business as Thanes' sons followed. He was beautiful in face, and of a well-formed person; active and dexterous, of free and engaging manners, and he entered with zest into the society and sports of his companions. The life of ease and idleness is a dangerous life at all times; and it was especially so then. Besides the temptations of birth and rank and freedom

and personal attractions, the disorders of the times left all men very much in their own ways; yet the young Thane's son fell not.

ST. WULSTAN AS A MINISTER OF GOD.

They were years to him without much change or eventfulness; years of noiseless duty, and hidden self-discipline. Wulstan, the holy monk of Worcester, was heard of, indeed, in many parts of England, and the proud Earl Harold was known on one occasion to go thirty miles out of his way, to make his confession to him, and beg his prayers. But little was seen or felt of him beyond Worcester and its neighbourhood. There, those who lived about him saw a man of kind yet blunt and homely speech, of frank and unpretending demeanour, who had a word for every one, and always the right word; who was at every one's service, and was never wearied of his work; a man of not much learning, but who had all that was within his reach; who had made the Gospels his daily meditation and knew the Psalms by heart; whose voice, when he preached, seemed to the people to have the dignity, the sweetness, and the awfulness of an apostle's; a man, who, humble and cheerful as he was, could be stern in rebuke, and decisive in action, when sin offended him; a man who was always in earnest in the minutest details of life. There was no mistaking in him the man of God. In those days indeed, character expressed itself, and was noticed, with a grotesque simplicity, at which, so that we do not sneer, we may be pardoned for smiling, for our times are different; but we must be more blind than men were then, if in the plain rough-hewn Anglo-Saxon monk, we cannot discern, as they did, high goodness and faith, and a genuine English heart.

"The devotional duties," says his biographer, "which we in our laziness count a great punishment, he reckoned among his greatest pleasures. Every day at each verse of the Seven Psalms, he bent the knee, and the same at the 119th Psalm at night. In the west porch of the Church, where was the Altar of all Saints, with the trophy of the Lord's banner, he would lock himself in, and there call upon Christ with tears and cries. His sleep was snatched as it were by stealth; his bed was the church floor or a narrow board—a book or the altar steps, his pillow. Every day he visited the eighteen altars that were in the old Church, bowing seven times before each." Often in the evening, he used to retire from the crowd and noise of the city, and the companionship of the convent, to some solitary spot in the outskirts—the graves of the dead, or the empty silent village church, whose stillness was only broken by his chant and prayers.

Day and night he served God in the temple with fastings and prayers, yet none the less did he serve his brethren. The common people especially looked upon him as their friend. He often finished his daily devotions very early in the morning, and then gave up the rest of the day till noon or evening, to the wants and business of the poor. He used to sit at the Church door, accessible to all who came; listening to complaints, redressing wrongs, helping those who were in trouble, giving advice spiritual and temporal. He also took up the neglected work of preaching with zeal and ability. Every Sunday and great Festival, he preached to the people. "His words," says his biographer, "as he uttered them to the people from on high in the pulpit, seemed to be the voice of thunder, issuing from the shrine of a prophet or evangelist; they lighted like bolts upon the wicked; they fell like showers upon the elect." And speaking of a later period, he says, "All his life, he so drew the common people to him by the fame of his preaching, that ye might see them flocking together in crowds, wherever it was reported that he was to dedicate a Church. He also so

chose his subjects that he was ever sounding forth Christ's name, ever setting Christ forth to his hearers, ever, if I may so speak, drawing Christ by violence to his side."

Thus did Wulstan labour on year after year, zealously and earnestly, though very likely we should be surprised if we knew all that he did and said. For he was not the religious man of a romance, but of the plain-speaking, plain-dealing eleventh century; and we should no doubt find his religion not confining itself to what at a distance at least looks high and great—enlightening the ignorant, comforting the unhappy, defending the unprotected—but running on into a number of subjects with which sentiment has little to do.

ST. WULSTAN AS BISHOP.

He is at last compelled to enter the Episcopacy.

His life as a monk had not been, as in the case of the great strangers who were soon to take charge of the English Church, that of a man of study and thoughtful retirement. His work had always been of an active and popular kind; ministering to the common people, supplying the deficiencies of the parochial Clergy and preaching. And his Episcopate was of the same character. His care for his diocese, and his constant personal oversight of it, were the points which struck his contemporaries. His practice seems to have been to be continually visiting some part or other of it. He travelled about on horseback with his retinue of clerks and monks. As they rode along, he repeated the Psalter, the Litanies, and the office for the dead, the attendants taking up the responses, or aiding his memory when it failed. His chamberlain always had a purse ready, and "no one ever begged of Wulstan in vain." He never passed a Church or Oratory, however hurried he might be, without stopping to pray there; and when he reached his halting place for the night, before he retired to rest, his first care was to go and "salute the Church." In these progresses, he came into personal contact with all his flock, high and low—with the rude crowds, beggars and serfs, craftsmen and labourers, as well as with priests and nobles. When the Archdeacon gave notice of the Bishop's approach, the people poured out to meet him, to look on him, to ask his aid or counsel. They confessed their sins to him, for men would open their hearts to him who would do so to no one else: they flocked to hear him preach, for no one in England so touched the hearts of the common people, and "he never sent them away without saying mass and preaching." He pleaded the cause of the poor; he reconciled those who were at variance, and it was believed that terrible judgments fell on those who despised his mediation.

The "chiefest" in his diocese, he made himself the "servant of all"—his time, his exertions, his personal presence, were denied to none who claimed them; all who came to him he saw; and wherever he was called he went, "so that he seemed not so much to travel as to fly from one part of his diocese to another." But to him the most touching claim and the most sacred duty was when children came to him to be confirmed. To this every thing else gave way; business was to be broken off—retirement, rest, devotion given up, to attend at once on Christ's little ones; and from sunrise to sunset, on a long summer's day, he would go on without tasting food, giving the sacramental seal and his benediction to batch after batch, as they came and knelt before him, till his attendants and clerks were fairly wearied out; while he himself seemed proof against fatigue.

He was a great Church builder: he took care that on each of his own manors there should be a Church, and was very urgent

with other Lords to follow his example. The Cathedral of his See, which he rebuilt, and the old ruined Church of Westbury, which he restored, and made the seat of a monastic congregation are especially mentioned as instances of his zeal.

Yet with a life of pastoral activity, Wulstan still retained the devotional habits of the cloister, and its simple and severe mode of life. "Whether he lay down, or rose up, whether he were walking or sitting, a psalm was in his mouth, and Christ in his heart." His first words on awaking were a psalm; the last words which he heard before going to sleep, were from some homily or legend, which was read to him while he was lying down to rest. He attended the same services to which he had been bound when in the monastery, and all his manor-houses had a little chapel attached to them, where he used to lock himself in, when business, or the public service, did not call him. His attendants remembered how earnest, as well as frequent, he was in prayer; and how, when he came to a verse in the Psalter, which expressed strong feeling towards God, such as the verse, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, for I am poor and in misery," he would repeat it two or three times over, with up-lifted eyes. And he was very strict in requiring from his monks and those about him, an exact performance of that regular worship for which monasteries were founded. If one of the brethren was absent from the night-service, he took no notice at the time, but when the others had retired to their beds to wait for morning, he used quietly to wake the absentee, and make him go through the appointed office, himself remaining with him, and making the responses.

Monks and priests were not the only persons to whom his straightforward conscientiousness made him an inconvenient companion. At king Harold's court his neighbourhood was especially dangerous to the long-flowing tresses with which it was the fashion of the Anglo-Saxon gallants to adorn themselves, and to which Wulstan had taken a special dislike, as being a mark of effeminacy. Wulstan had very little notion of ceremony, where he thought that right and wrong were concerned; and he was not without relish for a practical joke at times. "Accordingly," says his biographer, "if any of them placed their heads within his reach, he would with his own hands crop their wanton locks. He had for this a little knife, wherewith he was wont to pare his nails, and scrape dirt off books. With this he cut off the first fruits of their curls, enjoining them on their obedience, to have the rest cut even with it. If they resisted, then he loudly chode them for their softness, and openly threatened them with evil."

But troublesome as his strictness was to those about him, they admired and loved him warmly; the poor simple Saxon monks especially, who in the desolation and shame of their race, sought comfort in the cloister, long remembered their good and noble bishop, his kindness and humbleness among them, the hearty interest he took in their welfare, how gladly he visited them, and how, when he came among them, he took his turn with them in the duties of the Choir and Chapter House; how, when in Church, he saw the boys' vestments disordered, he would bend over and smooth them down; how, when some one said to him that such condescension did not become a bishop, he silenced the objector with the words of the gospel, "He that is greatest among you, shall be your servant."

THE LEGEND OF LANFRANC.

"Lanfranc, says the legend, who like the prophet had been set by God to root out and to pull down, and to destroy, and to build, and to plant, relying on his authority as legate, sought to recall the English Church to a new order. What called for

correction he corrected; what was fit to be decreed he established; and to the clergy and the monks he laid down a more worthy rule of life. Wulstan, the man of God, was accused before him of weakness and incapacity, and with the king's consent or injunction, his disposal resolved upon, as being an ignorant and unlearned man. In a synod, therefore, which was held at Westminster in the king's presence, Lanfranc called upon him to deliver up his pastoral staff and ring. Upon this the old man rose, and holding the crosier firmly in his hand, replied, 'Of a truth, my Lord Archbishop, of a truth I know, that I am not worthy of this dignity; nor sufficient for its duties. I knew it when the clergy elected, when the prelates compelled, when my master king Edward summoned me to the office. He, by authority of the Apostolic See, laid this burthen upon my shoulders, and with this staff ordered me to be invested with the episcopal degree. You now require from me the pastoral staff which you did not deliver, and take from me the office which you did not confer: and I who am not ignorant of my own insufficiency, obeying the decree of this holy synod, resign them—not to you, but to him by whose authority I received them.' So saying, he advanced to the tomb of king Edward, and addressed himself to the dead—'Master,' said he, 'thou knowest how unwillingly I took upon myself this office, forced to it by thee; for though neither the choice of the brethren, nor the desire of the people, nor the consent of the prelates, nor the favour of the nobles was wanting, thy pleasure predominated more than all, and especially compelled me. Behold a new king, a new law, a new primate! they decree new rights, and promulgate new statutes. Thee they accuse of error in having so commanded: me of presumption in having obeyed. Then indeed thou wast liable to error, being mortal; but now being with God thou canst not err. Not, therefore, to these who require what they did not give, and who as men may deceive and be deceived, but to thee who hast given, and who art beyond the reach of error or ignorance, I render up my staff; to thee I resign the care of those whom thou hast committed to my charge; to thee I entrust them with confidence, whose merits I know full sure.'

With these words, he raised his hand a little, and drove the crosier into the stone which covered the sacred body: "Take this, my master," he said, "and deliver it to whom thou wilt," and descending from the altar, he laid aside his pontifical dress, and took his seat, a simple monk, among the monks.

But the staff, to the wonder of all, remained fast imbedded in the stone. They tried to draw it out, but it was immovable. A murmur ran through the throng; they crowded round the spot in astonishment, and you might see them in their surprise, approaching a little, then stopping, stretching out their hands and withdrawing them, now throwing themselves on the floor, to see how the spike was fastened in the stone, now rising up and gathering into groups to gaze. The news was carried to where the synod was sitting. Lanfranc sent the bishop of Rochester to the tomb, to bring the staff; but he was unable to withdraw it. The archbishop in wonder sent for the king, and went with him to the place; and after having prayed, tried to move it, but in vain. The king cried out, and Lanfranc burst into tears, and going up to Wulstan, addressed him: 'Truly the Lord is righteous, and loveth righteousness; His countenance will behold the thing that is just; truly He walketh with the simple, and with them is His discourse. We mocked at thy righteous simplicity, my brother; but He hath made thy righteousness to shine as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon-day. We must weep for the darkness which covered us, and made us call evil good, and good evil. We

have erred, we have erred, my brother, in our judgment of thee, and God has raised up His spirit in His king, to bring to nought our decree, and to show to all how acceptable thy simplicity is to God. Therefore, by the authority which we exercise, nay, rather by the divine judgment by which we are convinced, the charge of which we inconsiderately deprived thee, we again commit to thee and lay on thee, knowing that a little that the righteous hath, is better than great riches of the ungodly; yea, surely much better is a little learning with faith, which in simplicity works by love, than treasures of wisdom and worldly knowledge, which may abuse to the service of vanity or foul lucre. Go, therefore, my brother, go to thy master, yea, to ours; for we believe that that holy hand which has refused the crosier to us, will freely resign it to thee.' On this, the holy bishop, with his usual simplicity, obeyed the command, and approaching the altar, 'Behold me, my lord Edward,' he said, 'here I am, who entrusted myself to thy judgment, who submitted myself to thy decision, who resigned to thee the staff which thou gavest. What is now thy pleasure and will? Thou hast in truth guarded thy honour, and declared my innocence, and shown thy greatness; if, therefore, thy former judgment of me stands, restore the crosier; if it is changed, say to whom it shall be given.' With these words, he tried with a gentle effort to draw out the staff; it yielded to his hand and came forth, as if it had been planted in soft clay.

The king and the archbishop rushed up to him, and falling at his feet, begged his forgiveness and his prayers; but he who had learned from the Lord Jesus Christ to be meek and lowly of heart, in his turn threw himself before them, and entreated the blessing of so great a bishop. Lanfranc and Wulstan blessed each other, and hand in hand returned to the synod, amid tears and joy, all together praising God, who is wonderful in His saints."

Wulstan outlived William and Lanfranc, and was one of the consecrators of St. Anselm; but he was then an old man, and he did not see the great struggle which was at hand. He passed his last Lent with more than usual solemnity. It was always with him a time of great devotion, in which he tempered his increased self-discipline with daily acts of overflowing charity to the poor. But this time, with the presentiment which was so remarkable a feature in his character, that he was thought to have the gift of prophecy, he felt that what he did would be for the last time. The Thursday before Easter, the day of our Lord's Supper, he had always literally devoted entire to religious offices. On that day, from midnight to midnight, every thought of the world was excluded from his mind. When matins were over, he proceeded at once to an apartment, where he found a number of poor collected, and warm water prepared by his attendants. There with his own hands he washed their feet and their clothes; with his own hand he bestowed his alms, and ministered to each the cup of "charity." Then after the briefest interval of rest, during which the servants laid out the hall, he again waited on his pensioners, supplying them, as they sate at his table, with shoes and victuals; and the only answer he gave to the remonstrances of his attendants, who assured him that he had done enough, was—"nay, I have done but little; I want to fulfil our Lord's command." Then he returned to meditate in the Church, and later in the day he reconciled the penitents, who beheld in his "gracious countenance" the face of an angel of God; and at night after supper, he washed the feet of his brethren of the convent. But this last Maundy was such as had never been seen before. In the monastery, except at the hours of prayer, all was stir and busy activity, strangely mingled with a religious silence and restraint. At its gate and in

its courts was a dense multitude from the country round, poor and blind and halt and maimed, pressing in or coming out, or waiting to receive in their turn those cheap, yet to the poor, rare blessings, water clean and warm for their swollen and begrimed limbs, a change of dress, and above all, the personal attention of those above them; to see their Bishop before them, to hear his words to them, to feel his hand. In the afternoon, the Bishop's hall was filled to the very entrance with people, standing or sitting as they could, so closely crowded as scarcely to leave room for the busy attendants who toiled and hurried about in this great company. The guests were the pauper multitude, the attendants not only the monks of the convent, but also the young men of noble birth who were attached to the Bishop's family. In the midst sat Wulstan. On former occasions he had taken his share in waiting on his guests; but this at last had become too much for him. Twice was the hall emptied and filled again, and still there were more applicants. Wulstan had bespoken large supplies of provisions from the bailiffs of his manors, but they began to run short. His clerks were in dismay, and urged him to shut the gates against the remaining crowd; but Wulstan would not hear of it—on that great day, the last occasion of the kind he should see, none should go away empty. Let the Lord's command be observed—he was sure that God would enable him to satisfy all who came. Nor was he disappointed. News was almost immediately brought him of the arrival of some presents, which were at once turned into money, and which enabled him to accomplish the day in the style of princely beneficence with which he began it.

On Easter day he again feasted with the poor, to the great discomfiture and indignation of his steward, who had invited a party of men of consequence to keep the festival with the Bishop, and who could not understand how his master could prefer the company of a crowd of paupers, to that of a few persons of name and wealth. At Whitsuntide following, he was taken ill. His only sister had died shortly before, and though he had always believed that his life would be a long one, he had recognized in this a token that his own time was near;—"the plough has come at last to my furrow;"—he said, and he now prepared for death. He made his confession to his friend, Robert, Bishop of Hereford, and received the "discipline;" but he lingered through the summer and autumn in a slow fever, till the first day of the new year, when he took to his bed. He was laid so as to have a view of the altar of a chapel; and "sitting rather than lying down," his eyes were continually upon it, while to himself or aloud he followed the Psalms which were sung. On the 19th of January, at midnight, he departed in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-third of his Episcopate.

DISTURBANCES IN IRELAND IN 1762.

IN obedience to your commands, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that upon the strictest inquiry into the causes of the many outrages committed in the different parts of the province of Munster, there did not appear to me the least reason to impute those disturbances to disaffection to his majesty, his government, or the laws in general; but, on the contrary, that these disorders really, and not colourably, took their rise from declared complaints and grievances of a private nature; and which, at the time of the several tumults, were the motives avowed by the rioters themselves; and not broached ostensibly only, when, in fact, some other cause or expectation was the latent spring of their actions. Whether the charge was burn-

ing houses, killing cattle, destroying mills, levelling inclosures, or disturbances of a different nature, to the possessions of others, no opportunity was missed of inquiring into the supposed inducement to the committing such an outrage; and it ever turned out to be the result of some local dissatisfaction, which these miserable delinquents affected to act upon by way of redress, though they ever pursued vindictive, rather than relevant measures, and were extravagantly daring and violent in the execution of them. The subject matter of their grievance was, chiefly, such as—price of labour too cheap—of victuals too dear—of land excessive and oppressive. In some instances their resentment proceeded against particular persons, from their having taken mills or bargains over the head of another (as it is vulgarly called), and so turning out, by a consent to an advanced price, the old tenant. Such was the nature of their complaints; to redress these, they acted in a very open and violent manner; and might, I think, have fallen under the statute of 25th Edward III. by carrying their schemes to such an excess as to magnify their crimes into a constructive treason, of levying war against the king. But yet, daring as their proceedings were, there was no ingredient of any previous compact against government, or, as I may say, the original sin of high treason. I believe, indeed, that if the Dey of Algiers had landed, with any forces and a stand of arms, at such a time, people in such a temper of mind would have been readily induced to join him, or a prince of any religion, either for the sake of revenge, redress, or exchange of state, rather than continue in their conceived wretchedness. In the perpetration of these late disorders, (however industriously the contrary has been promoted), papist and protestant were promiscuously concerned; and, in my opinion, the majority of the former is with more justice to be attributed to the odds of number in the country, than the influence arising from the difference of principles.—*Chief Justice Aston, in Burke's Correspondence.*

Curious Nautical Anecdote.—Old Shaw, a well-known eccentric skipper of a Jamaica ship, on entering the Channel, at dusk, observed a suspicious sail edging down towards him. His vessel was pierced for 18 or 20 guns, but had a few only mounted. To remedy the deficiency as far as show could do, the old seaman very deliberately ordered the carpenter to draw up the pumps without delay, saw them into lengths, so as to represent guns, and place the pieces in readiness to be run out of the port-holes when he gave directions. To give effect to his scheme, he directed a light in a lantern to be suspended over each port, and a man stationed at each in readiness to make the display at the same moment. Thus prepared, when the darkness set in he ran his ship close alongside of the Frenchman, a corvette of 22 guns, hauled up the hanging ports, showed his formidable row of "teeth," illumined by his battle lights; discharged a musket (which would not be a tell-tale, as one of his pop-guns would have been) over the enemy, and through his great war-trumpet roared out "Strike, or I'll sink you!" The unexpected boldness of the manœuvre had its due effect; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the astounded "Cropps" instantly complied, without an effort even to escape! In a few hours, our old tar and his prize were safely anchored in King-road. Perhaps in the anecdotal detail of maritime warfare, there is scarcely one to be found more laughably piquant than this; and it is said that the oddity of the ruse, and the oddity of the character who performed it, was upon a parallel.—*Nautical Magazine.*

THE WOOING OF MASTER FOX,

OR,

IT IS GOOD TO BE HONEST AND TRUE,

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

[Continued from page 180.]

In the evening Reynard felt a strange desire to go and see the Griffin smoking his pipe; but what could he do? There was the Dog under the opposite tree evidently watching for him, and Reynard had no wish to prove himself that devil at biting which he declared he was. At last he resolved to have recourse to stratagem to get rid of the Dog.

A young Buck of a Rabbit, a sort of provincial fop, had looked in upon his cousin the Cat, to pay her his respects, and Reynard, taking him aside, said, "You see that shabby-looking Dog under the tree. Well, he has behaved very ill to your cousin the Cat, and you certainly ought to challenge him—forgive my boldness—nothing but respect for your character induces me to take so great a liberty; you know I would chastise the rascal myself, but what a scandal it would make! If I were already married to your cousin, it would be a different thing. But you know what a story that cursed Magpie would hatch out of it!"

The Rabbit looked very foolish; he assured the Fox that he was no match for the Dog; that he was very fond of his cousin to be sure; but he saw no necessity to interfere with her domestic affairs;—and, in short, he tried all he possibly could to get out of the scrape; but the Fox so artfully played on his vanity—so earnestly assured him that the Dog was the biggest coward in the world, and would make a humble apology, and so eloquently represented to him the glory he would obtain for manifesting so much spirit, that at length the Rabbit was persuaded to go out and deliver the challenge.

"I'll be your second," said the Fox; "and the great field on the other side the wood, two miles hence, shall be the place of battle; there we shall be out of observation. You go first, I'll follow in half an hour—and I say—hark!—in case he does accept the challenge, and you feel the least afraid, I'll be in the field, and take it off your paws with the utmost pleasure; rely on me, my dear Sir!"

Away went the Rabbit. The Dog was a little astonished at the temerity of the poor creature; but on hearing that the Fox was to be present, willingly consented to repair to the place of conflict. This readiness the Rabbit did not at all relish; he went very slowly to the field, and seeing no Fox there, his heart misgave him, and while the Dog was putting his nose to the ground to try if he could track the coming of the Fox, the Rabbit slipped into a burrow, and left the Dog to walk back again.

Meanwhile the Fox was already at the rock; he walked very soft-footed, and looked about with extreme caution, for he had a vague notion that a Griffin Papa would not be very civil to Foxes.

Now there were two holes in the rock, one below, one above, an upper story and an under; and while the Fox was peering out, he saw a great claw from the upper rock beckoning to him.

"Ah, ah!" said the Fox, "that's the wanton young Griffiness I'll swear."

He approached, and a voice said—

"Charming Mr. Reynard! Do you not think you could deliver an unfortunate Griffiness from a barbarous confinement in this rock?"

"Oh heavens!" cried the Fox, tenderly, "what a beautiful voice! and, ah, my poor heart, what a lovely claw! Is it possible that I hear the daughter of my lord, the great Griffin?"

"Hush, flatterer! not so loud if you please. My father is taking an evening stroll, and is very quick of hearing. He has tied me up by my poor wings in the cavern, for he is mightily afraid of some beast running away with me. You know I have all my fortune settled on myself."

"Talk not of fortune," said the Fox, "but how can I deliver you? Shall I enter and gnaw the cord?"

"Alas!" answered the Griffiness, "it is an immense chain I am bound with. However, you may come in and talk more at your ease."

The Fox peeped cautiously all round, and seeing no sign of the Griffin, he entered the lower cave and stole up stairs to the upper story; but as he went on, he saw immense piles of jewels and gold, and all sorts of treasure, so that the old Griffin might well have laughed at the poor Cat being called an heiress. The Fox was greatly pleased at such indisputable signs of wealth, and he entered the upper cave, resolved to be transported with the charms of the Griffiness.

There was, however, a great chasm between the landing-place and the spot where the young lady was chained, and he found it impossible to pass; the cavern was very dark, but he saw enough of the figure of the Griffiness to perceive, in spite of her petticoat, that she was the image of her father, and the most hideous heiress that the earth ever saw!

However, he swallowed his disgust, and poured forth such a heap of compliments that the Griffiness appeared entirely won. He implored her to fly with him the first moment she was unchained.

"That is impossible," said she, "for my father never unchains me except in his presence, and then I cannot stir out of his sight."

"The wretch!" cried Reynard, "what is to be done?"

"Why, there is only one thing I know of," answered the Griffiness, "which is this—I always make his soup for him, and if I could mix something in it that would put him fast to sleep before he had time to chain me up again, I might slip down and carry off all the treasure below on my back."

"Charming!" exclaimed Reynard, "what invention! what wit! I will go and get some poppies directly."

"Alas!" said the Griffiness, "poppies have no effect upon Griffins; the only thing that can ever put my father fast to sleep is a nice young cat boiled up in his soup; it is astonishing what a charm that has upon him. But where to get a cat? it must be a maiden cat too!"

Reynard was a little startled at so singular an opiate. "But," thought he, "Griffins are not like the rest of the world, and so rich an heiress is not to be won by ordinary means."

"I do know a cat, a maiden cat," said he, after a short pause, "but I feel a little repugnance at the thought of having her boiled in the Griffin's soup. Would not a dog do as well?"

"Ah, base thing!" said the Griffiness, appearing to weep, "you are in love with the Cat, I see it; go and marry her, poor dwarf that she is, and leave me to die of grief."

In vain the Fox protested that he did not care a straw for the Cat; nothing could now appease the Griffiness, but his positive assurance that, come what would, poor puss should be brought to the cave, and boiled for the Griffin's soup.

"But how will you get her here?" said the Griffiness.

"Ah, leave that to me," said Reynard. "Only put a basket out of the window, and draw it up by a cord; the moment it arrives at the window, be sure to clap your claw on the Cat at once, for she is terribly active."

"Tush!" answered the heiress, "a pretty Griffiness I should be if I did not know how to catch a cat!"

"But this must be when your father is out?" said Reynard.

"Certainly, he takes a stroll every evening at sunset."

"Let it be to-morrow, then," said Reynard, impatient for the treasure.

This being arranged, Reynard thought it time to decamp; he stole down the stairs again, and tried to filch some of the treasure by the way, but it was too heavy for him to carry, and he was forced to acknowledge to himself that it was impossible to get the treasure without taking the Griffiness (whose back seemed prodigiously strong) into the bargain.

He returned home to the Cat, and when he entered her house, and saw how ordinary every thing looked after the jewels in the Griffin's cave, he quite wondered how he had ever thought the Cat had the least pretensions to good looks.

However, he concealed his wicked design, and his mistress thought he had never appeared so amiable.

"Only guess," said he, "where I have been? to our new neighbour the Griffin, a most charming person, thoroughly affable, and quite the air of the court. As for that silly Magpie, the Griffin saw her character at once; and it was all a hoax about his daughter; he has no daughter at all. You know, my dear, hoaxing is a fashionable amusement among the great. He says he has heard of nothing but your beauty, and on my telling him we were going to be married, he has insisted upon giving a great ball and supper in honour of the event. In fact he is a gallant old fellow and dying to see you. Of course I was obliged to accept the invitation.

"You could not do otherwise," said the unsuspecting young creature, who, as I before said, was very susceptible to flattery.

"And only think how delicate his attentions are," said the Fox. "As he is very badly lodged for a beast of his rank, and his treasure takes up the whole of the ground floor, he is forced to give the fête in the upper story, so he hangs out a basket for his guests, and draws them up with his own claw. How condescending! But the great *are* so amiable!"

The Cat, brought up in seclusion, was all delight at the idea of seeing such high life, and the lovers talked of nothing else all the next day. When Reynard, towards evening, putting his head out of the window, saw his old friend the Dog lying as usual and watching him very grimly, "Ah, that cursed creature, I had quite forgotten him; what is to be done now? he would make no bones of me if he once saw me set foot out of doors."

With that, the Fox began to cast in his head how he should get rid of his rival, and at length he resolved on a very notable project; he desired the Cat to set out first and wait for him at a turn in the road a little way off. "For," said he, "if we go together we shall certainly be insulted by the Dog; and he will know that, in the presence of a lady, the custom of a beast of my fashion will not suffer me to avenge the affront. But when I am alone, the creature is such a coward that he would not dare say his soul's his own; leave the door open and I'll follow directly."

The Cat's mind was so completely poisoned against her cousin that she implicitly believed this account of his character, and accordingly, with many recommendations to her lover not to sully his dignity by getting into any sort of quarrel with the Dog, she set off first.

The Dog went up to her very humbly, and begged her to allow him to say a few words to her; but she received him so haughtily, that his spirit was up; and he walked back to the tree more than ever enraged against his rival. But what was his joy when he saw that the Cat had left the door open; "Now, wretch," thought he, "you cannot escape me!" So he walked briskly in at the back door. He was greatly surprised to find Reynard lying down in the straw, panting as if his heart would break, and rolling his eyes in the pangs of death.

"Ah, friend," said the Fox, with a faltering voice, "you are avenged, my hour is come; I am just going to give up the ghost; put your paw upon mine, and say you forgive me."

Despite his anger, the generous Dog could not set tooth on a dying foe.

"You have served me a shabby trick," said he; "you have left me to starve in a hole, and you have evidently maligned me with my cousin; certainly I meant to be avenged on you; but if you are really dying, that alters the affair."

"Oh, oh!" groaned the Fox very bitterly; "I am past help; the poor Cat is gone for Doctor Ape, but he'll never come in time. What a thing it is to have a bad conscience on one's death-bed. But wait till the Cat returns, and I'll do you full justice with her before I die."

The good-natured Dog was much moved at seeing his mortal enemy in such a state, and endeavoured as well as he could to console him.

"Oh, oh!" said the Fox, "I am so parched in the throat, I am burning;" and he hung his tongue out of his mouth, and rolled his eyes more fearfully than ever.

"Is there no water here?" said the Dog, looking round.

"Alas, no!—yet stay—yes, now I think of it, there is some in that little hole in the wall; but how to get at it—it is so high; that I can't, in my poor weak state, climb up to it; and I dare not ask such a favour of one I have injured so much."

"Don't talk of it," said the Dog; "but the hole's very small, I could not put my nose through it."

"No; but if you just climb up on that stone, and thrust your paw into the hole, you can dip it into the water, and so cool my poor parched mouth. Oh, what a thing it is to have a bad conscience!"

The Dog sprang upon the stone, and, getting on his hind-legs, thrust his front paw into the hole; when suddenly Reynard pulled a string that he had concealed under the straw, and the Dog found his paw caught tight to the wall in a running noose.

"Ah, rascal," said he, turning round; but the Fox leapt up gaily from the straw, and fastening the string with his teeth to a nail in the other end of the wall, walked out, crying, "Good-by, my dear friend; have a care how you believe hereafter in sudden conversions!"—So he left the Dog on his hind-legs to take care of the house.

Reynard found the Cat waiting for him where he had appointed, and they walked lovingly together till they came to the cave; it was now dark, and they saw the basket waiting below; the Fox assisted the poor Cat into it. "There is only room for one," said he, "you must go first!" up rose the basket; the Fox heard a piteous mew, and no more.

"So much for the Griffin's soup!" thought he.

He waited patiently for some time, when the Griffiness, waving her claw from the window, said cheerfully, "All's right, my dear Reynard; my papa has finished his soup, and sleeps as sound as a rock! All the noise in the world would not wake him now, till he has slept off the boiled Cat—which won't be these twelve hours. Come and assist me in packing up the treasure, I should be sorry to leave a single diamond behind."

"So should I," quoth the Fox; "stay, I'll come round by the lower hole: why, the door's shut! pray, beautiful Griffiness, open it to thy impatient adorer."

"Alas, my father has hid the key! I never know where he places it, you must come up by the basket; see, I let it down for you."

The Fox was a little loth to trust himself in the same conveyance that had taken his mistress to be boiled; but the most cautious grow rash when money's to be gained, and avarice can trap even a Fox. So he put himself as comfortably as he could into the basket, and up he went in an instant. It rested, however, just before it reached the window, and the Fox

felt, with a slight shudder, the claw of the Griffiness stroking his back.

"Oh, what a beautiful coat," quoth she, caressingly.

"You are too kind," said the Fox, "but you can feel it more at your leisure when I am once up. Make haste, I beseech you."

"Oh, what a beautiful bushy tail. Never did I feel such a tail!"

"It is entirely at your service, sweet Griffiness," said the Fox; "but pray let me in. Why lose an instant?"

"No, never did I feel such a tail. No wonder you are so successful with the ladies."

"Ah, beloved Griffiness, my tail is yours to eternity, but you pinch it a little too hard."

Scarcely had he said this, when down dropped the basket, but not with the Fox in it; he found himself caught by the tail, and dangling half way down the rock, by the help of the very same sort of pulley wherewith he had snared the Dog. I leave you to guess his consternation; he yelped out as loud as he could—for it hurts a Fox exceedingly to be hanged by his tail with his head downwards—when the door of the rock opened, and out stalked the Griffin himself, smoking his pipe, with a vast crowd of all the fashionable beasts in the neighbourhood.

"Oho, brother," said the Bear, laughing fit to kill himself, "who ever saw a Fox hanged by the tail before?"

"You'll have need of a physician," quoth Doctor Ape.

"A pretty match, indeed; a Griffiness for such a creature as you," said the Goat strutting by him.

The Fox grinned with pain, and said nothing. But that which hurt him most was the compassion of a dull fool of a Donkey, who assured him with great gravity, that he saw nothing at all to laugh at in his situation!

"At all events," said the Fox at last, "cheated, gulled, betrayed as I am, I have played the same trick to the Dog; go and laugh at him, gentlemen, he deserves it as much as I can, I assure you."

"Pardon me," said the Griffin, taking the pipe out of his mouth; "one never laughs at the honest."

"And see," said the Bear, "here he is."

And indeed the Dog had, after much effort, gnawed the string in two, and extricated his paw; the scent of the Fox had enabled him to track his footsteps, and here he arrived, burning for vengeance, and finding himself already avenged.

But his first thought was for his dear cousin. "Ah, where is she," he cried movingly; "without doubt that villain Reynard has served her some scurvy trick."

"I fear so indeed, my old friend," answered the Griffin, "but don't grieve; after all she was nothing particular. You shall marry my daughter the Griffiness, and succeed to all the treasure, ay, and all the bones that you once guarded so faithfully."

"Talk not to me," said the faithful Dog. "I want none of your treasure, and, though I don't mean to be rude, your Griffiness may go to the d—. I will run over the world but I will find my dear cousin."

"See her then," said the Griffin; and the beautiful Cat, more beautiful than ever; rushed out of the cavern and threw herself into the Dog's paws.

A pleasant scene this for the Fox!—he knew enough of the female heart to know that a soft tongue may excuse many little infidelities—but to be boiled alive for a Griffin's soup!—no, the offence was inexpiable!

"You understand me, Mr. Reynard," said the Griffin, "I have no daughter, and it was me you made love to. Knowing what sort of a creature a Magpie is, I amused myself with hoaxing her—the fashionable amusement at court, you know."

The Fox made a mighty struggle, and leaped on the ground, leaving his tail behind him. It did not grow again in a hurry.

"See," said the Griffin, as the beasts all laughed at the figure Reynard made running into the wood, "the Dog beats the Fox, with the ladies, after all; and cunning as he is in every thing else, the Fox is the last creature that should ever think of making love!"—*From the Pilgrims of the Rhine.*

THE "RESPECTABILITY" OF THE PRESENT AGE.

It is an age of compromise and common-place—unmarked by high enthusiasm or passion, but, nevertheless, removed far from contempt, by its general spirit of activity, intelligence, and progress—its rational prejudice against all violent change, and its decent regard for every improvement which appears to be feasible. It is, for the most part, a cool, circumspect, sensible, and plodding age, in which much that is very useful, and little that is truly glorious, is achieved. In conduct moderate, because its hopes are not extravagant; it is in morals utilitarian, because its sympathies are narrow. It is not a grand age—an era in which men's hearts throb with expectation—when their minds vibrate with revolutionary emotion; but neither is it a mean, stupid, apathetic age, in which men grovel in ignorance and apathy—in which they live lives of dejection, terminating in deaths of despair. In religion, it gropes, with critical circumspection, for a better creed than has heretofore been extant; but unlike "Young Germany," it does not querulously gasp for a new revelation. On the contrary, it seems satisfied with eclectic views, and requires that its prophets and instructors should be rather distinguished for the soundness of their reasoning, and the general correctness of their sentiments, than for the startling sublimity of their ideas, or the glowing enthusiasm of their characters. In politics, it shrinks from the vast, and advocates the small, as having the recommendation of safety. It wishes to see its way clearly, and recoils instinctively from any uncertain, though captivating policy; but when it has once discerned the course to be followed, it acts with promptitude and energy. It is an age of adaptation and compromise, rather than of invention or originality; an age of slow but certain social change, in which correct views are widely diffused, and common-place sentiments are decorously uttered. In short, it is a most respectable, but by no means a glorious age; and, finally, to describe it in a sentence, it is the age of Sir Robert Peel!—*Hood's Magazine.*

GALVANIC EXPERIMENT

At a late meeting of the Farmer's Club in New York, Mr. Ross presented a potato seven inches in circumference, and others no larger than peas, all planted in the same soil, at the same time—the 25th of May. The large one was from a small plot under the influence of a galvanic battery. Plates of copper and zinc were placed at distances of about 200 feet apart, the potatoes planted between. They were connected by a copper wire following on the fence. This formed a battery, the moisture and acids of the earth exciting the galvanic fluid, which was thus constantly passing through the soil in which the potatoes were planted. This is the most important result ever yet obtained by this experiment in the cultivation of plants. It has previously been tried with success in the conservatories of England.—*New York Paper.*

